FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1953
VOLUME 5 NO. 6

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Northern Review

of Writing and the Arts in Canada

College Issue

Poems and stories by contributors from the universities of Oxford, Toronto, Queen's, McGill, Manitoba and British Columbia.

Co-Editor of this Issue: Kim Jones

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Publication Date: Subscribers Please Note

As we had fallen several months behind schedule, we have brought our present issue up to date. There were no issues between the present one, which bears the date "February-March, 1953", and the issue of two months ago, which bore the date, "June-July, 1952".

STORIES POETRY FILM RADIO STAGE MUSIC PAINTING BOOKS

Northern Review

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FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1953 VOL. 5, NO. 6

NORTHERN REVIEW is published every two months by the FIRST STATEMENT PRESS at 2475 Van Horne, Apt. 5, Montreal, Que. *Managing Editor:* John Sutherland; Associate Editor: Audrey Aikman. Representatives: B. De Boer, P.O. Box 761, Hoboken, N.J., U.S.A. Barbara Browne, 134 Humbercrest Blvd., Toronto, Ont.

Manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. Subscriptions $3.00 per year. Advertising rates available upon inquiry.

Continuing *THE CANADIAN REVIEW OF MUSIC AND ART, PREVIEW* and *FIRST STATEMENT.*

The Victim

John Glen

He was not like the rest of us. We used to do a little work, play a lot of rugger, make a noise, break rules and get caned by the prefects. But he was not like that at all. He was very quiet and polite and very clever. He had no friends and no enemies, and the prefects never caned him because he never broke any rules. We called him 'Sparrow' in our house and the name stuck to him in all the other houses as well.

I was just a small fag in the junior common room and he was in second year, yet I got to know him even so. Boys like him had studies and were allowed to do all sorts of things which were against the rules for us, but if you were careful you could mix with them now and then. 'Sparrow' used to help all the house seniors with their work, so I made him help me too. It was quite easy. All you had to do was walk into his study with your book. You knew he was far too polite to say 'No'. I never heard of him saying 'No' to anyone — even to new ticks like me. That was why he had to help so many people. Our dormitory prefect told us one night that 'Sparrow' was an unwilling source of light to all those who sat in darkness. He also said he was a saint because he apologized to insects before stepping over them, but I think that was just a joke.

A man once showed me some pictures of a sad little boy who was very thin and who was a prince somewhere. The little boy had a crown on, which made his head seem far too big, and I kept thinking his legs were going to snap like stalks with all that weight on top. 'Sparrow' looked the same way — mostly brain, with a little bit underneath to carry it about. He ate as much as we did, but I think he swallowed most of his food up, not down. That was how he could do university work and read foreign books which no one had ever heard of. It gave you a funny feeling when you were in his study. You often wanted to shout and throw things about, just to treat him like an unfriendly old man on a park bench, only you never did. It was too hard to do, even for prefects. No one could say a word to 'Sparrow' because he was so polite.

During the summer holiday I tried to tell my elder sister how queer he was, but she said he sounded dignified and highly-civilized, which was more than a little brat like me could say for himself. I often thought about what she said next term, and when I told my friends they said that was why 'Sparrow' was more like one of the masters than one of the boys. We laughed at people who were much better at sports than he was, but we never laughed at him. Each day the prefects made everybody play a game of rugger or run more than two miles across country with one of them, and they caned anyone who slacked. But 'Sparrow' was not caned because he always tried so hard. He was let off rugger and he went on the runs instead. We used to look behind and see him wobbling up the fells on his thin legs, miles behind the rest of us, and he was often blue in the face when he got back. You knew he hated it, but he was far too polite to say so. You knew he hated everything in school except his study and the library and the science labs. We used to grumble about school, yet we liked it really. He said nothing and he hated it.

One night we heard a very loud laugh in 'Sparrow's' study. The noise went on and on and seemed to be saying 'Come and see this', so we went. We stood in a crowd of others outside his study door and we saw him just sitting still in a puddle of water. He was sopping wet, yet he seemed to be thinking of something else. A big, flabby boy called Klegg was holding an empty bucket and laughing so hard he was crying. You had to admit 'Sparrow' looked very funny sitting there, but it was not so easy to laugh at him. I just felt queer and giggled a bit. Most of the others did the same.

From then on we got used to Klegg's laugh. It was a special kind of laugh and you always knew something funny was happening to 'Sparrow' when you heard it. I once saw a man at a Fair calling people to look at his bearded lady, and he laughed the same way. I went in to look at the bearded lady three times, but I went to watch Klegg and 'Sparrow' much more than that because it was always a new show. You never saw the same thing twice with them. The only thing that was always the same was the way 'Sparrow' acted. He just pretended nothing was going on at all, and that made it seem more queer still. He never asked any of us for help and he went on treating Klegg as politely as anyone else. That was why one of our prefects had to explain things to a senior from another house. I heard him say that we were all taking a practical course entitled, 'The Triumph Of Culture Over Barbarism Under Trying Circumstances'.

A few of my friends in the common room said Klegg was a bully, and the rest of us used to argue with them for ages about that. My side said Klegg never hurt 'Sparrow'. He only tried to make him look silly, and so it was ragging, not bullying. If 'Sparrow' had been hurt the seniors would have hurt Klegg worse. But they left them both alone because of the tradition that any boy can rag any other boy, even if he is little. The others had no answer when we said this, so my side always won the argument — until it started next time.

One afternoon, just after mid-term, my Latin book started making a Roman general march up with some Gauls to fight wolves in his ramparts, or else march up with some ramparts to fight Gauls in his wolves. Things like that often happened, so I went along to 'Sparrow' for help. But he was in a mess. His study had been ploughed. No one had heard Klegg laugh, yet the whole room was full of ink and torn books and broken furniture, 'Sparrow' was standing in the middle of it all. I had never seen a boy cry at school and it made me feel funny. I tried to think of something to say, but nothing came and I went out again.

When my friends got back to the common room I told them about the ploughed study, and that started another argument on Klegg being a bully. This time I went over to the other side. But we soon had to shut up because of the tradition that any boy can plough another one's study, even if he is bigger. They asked me if 'Sparrow' had been hurt, and when I shook my head we lost the argument and had to shut up. Even so, if 'Sparrow' had done something I think the seniors would have helped him, whatever the tradition said. But he just went on being polite to Klegg as if nothing had happened. It made you feel pretty fed-up with him.

The ragging still went on after that, but it was not very funny so we stopped telling boys in other houses about it. You just knew it was there, and you kept listening and waiting all the time. It was like being awake in the morning and not knowing when the getting-up bell would go off. The worst of it was that Klegg had no new things to do. He did the same things over and over as if there was no way for him to stop. Three times in one week he poured jugs of syrup on 'Sparrow' at lunch time. It was pretty feeble, and we wanted the little twerp to get up and do something. But he always dribbled off without a word as if he had finished his meal anyway. It made you feel that someone had spat on the house.

Towards the end of term the prefects told Klegg to find

another hobby, and he took no notice at all. He knew there was nothing wrong with ragging; it was not bullying, and he said he had a right to rag any junior who was cheeky to him. He said 'Sparrow' was always using dumb insolence and he was going to rag him until it stopped.

One night, a week before the holiday, 'Sparrow' did not answer his name at final roll-call. All of us were a bit surprised by that one because it meant a caning for him. My friend and I talked about it quietly behind the backs of our chairs during prayers, and we decided 'Sparrow' would take the lashing pretty well. My friend said he would even thank the prefect who gave it to him, and that made me giggle. I was given five-hundred lines and then we stood up to file out. But I got my lines for nothing because we were wrong about 'Sparrow'. They never beat him. He was found outside later on and he was locked in one of the little hutches where we kept pets in summer. They said he could have broken out quite easily, yet he just sat there shivering until someone came past. Smelly slops and muck covered him all over, and they found a small graze on his forehead.

Next day was a funny one for the fags. You knew there was something in the wind and nobody told you what it was. Study doors kept banging and people ran up and down stairs as if there was a fire in the house. When you tried to hear what seniors were talking about in the corridors they told you to buzz off or kicked your bottom. We held a meeting in the junior common room and voted not to go to the tuck shop all day, in case we were needed for something vital. But nothing much came off until after supper, then we saw all the prefects leave the house. They only did that after big matches at other times, so we knew it was a very important sign. It was important all right. Ten minutes after the prefects went, a mob of seniors began to plough Klegg's study. You could hear the din all over the house, and we ran down the passage to find out what was going on. There was a big crowd outside the door which stopped us from getting to the front to see what was happening. We kept pushing and asking questions, but no one took any notice of us. It made you feel pretty fed-up with being a fag. After about fifteen minutes we were shoved back, and they dragged Klegg along the ground right in front of me. They all went out though the west door and then began to take him down a side path which led to the swimming pool at the bottom of the hill. It was very cold outside and I had to dash back for my scarf, so that I only caught up with

them again when they had thrown him into the water. Every one was standing round the edge making a terrific row, and the lights were out in the building. The only light was from some torches which they shone on Klegg. He still had his clothes on and they made him stay at the deep end by poking with two long poles which were always kept there for beginners. Each time he tried to reach the side they pushed him under or knocked him away again. He kept on coming back all the time and they kept on jabbing him. It was like watching a stupid bear or some other animal without enough sense to just give up and drown. The boys crowded round the pool and hooted at him, and you could see their huge shadows dancing about on the walls. It made me feel funny, and I hopped up and down yelling like mad.

After a while Klegg sank. You could see him going slowly down to the bottom while they fished for him with poles. When they heaved him out I think his face was bleeding, but I only had time for one quick look. They piled all over him then, and started punching as hard as they could go. That was how I saw "Sparrow". I turned around to push nearer and found him standing in my way. He was staring so hard at what was going on that he never noticed me shoving past him.

It took me a long time to get round the pool, and by that time Klegg was being carried out. They held him face down, with his arms and legs in the bends of their elbows. I asked several people what was going to happen next, but no one answered until a friend of mine shouted that they were going to throw him into the beck. We yelled to each other about this while we were pushing towards the door. The beck was a shallow stream running on the far side of the football fields. It was only four feet wide, but I never saw any other river which had such thick black mud. There were places where you could bury a five-foot stick in it, if you had a strong nose for smells. My friend and I got very excited when we thought of them throwing Klegg in there, and we crawled like mad through a mass of legs blocking the door.

The seniors were half way across the football fields by the time we caught up again, and they were all making much less row than before. But the thing that floored us was 'Sparrow'. He was hopping about in front of the group, singing a silly song of his own, and at the end of each line he was swinging his first up into Klegg's face. I saw the head jerk up each time he hit it, then flop down again. It was all pretty queer because 'Sparrow' was lucky not to be in the

beck himself. He had blood on his fists up to the wrist, and he did not seem to know they had left him out of things by the skin of his teeth. You could see he thought it was all a revenge put on just for him. I expected somebody to yell at him or cuff his ears. But it was still hard to tick 'Sparrow' off, even for a senior. The only one who had ever done it was Klegg.

When we got to the beck they pitched Klegg in head first. I had a sharp feeling inside for a moment because I was sure they wanted him to drown under the mud. Then some of them pulled him up by one heel and rolled him over on his back. My friend said it looked like something else lying there, and the smell was so bad we held our noses. They shone torches down on it, and we knew it was just an old black sack because it had no shape. Some of the boys kept pushing the mess and shouting as if that would do a miracle and make it move. I knew it would never move any more. But it did.

They all began yelling as if the pack was crashing through for a try in a big match, and Klegg picked himself up slowly like one of the other side. He started wading to my bank and it took him a long time because he kept falling on his face. They let him get almost to the bank, then a hail of fists sent him flat on his back again. My voice went away from me suddenly, and the shouting sounded funny in my head. I saw Klegg get up out of the thick mud over and over, and each time he came out they flattened him. He was a stinking animal and they wanted him to stay in there. They wanted him to die in the slime and he kept coming out all the time. The cold was making me shiver. I looked away from he beck and then I saw that 'Sparrow' had taken controls of things. The others were just doing what he said. They were ready to chuck it, yet they went on because of him. He was dancing from one bank to the other like a mad little gnome, and he was punching away and screaming orders better than a senior. He seemed just like a prefect and he kept them going all by himself.

Suddenly one of the real seniors shouted 'All right, that's enough', and everything got so quiet you could hear Klegg dragging through the mud. I saw him paw at the grass on the bank as he tried to stand up and it was like watching one of those slow-motions films. We stood there waiting for him to get out, but instead of that we saw 'Sparrow' run across and kick him full in the face. I heard the boot land, then Klegg gave a long cry and toppled over. It was the first time I heard him make a sound all night and it made me feel a bit sick.

Some of us ran over to the beck to help him out, but he crawled up the other bank and stumbled off across the fields towards the village. We watched him go because he seemed to know his way. He could see nothing, yet we let him go. We let him go for ever, and went back to our house for evening prayers.

OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL FEATURE:

POEMS BY ROY CAMPBELL

The Rodeo of the Centaurs: first publication of a recent short narrative.

The Skull in the Desert, Dreaming Spires and *Reflections:* reprints of three poems from *Talking Bronco* (1946).

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JOHN HIRSCH

Two Poems

NOVEMBER

Quiet, sunless autumn afternoon.
I watched the smooth river,
the travelling clouds, grey,
on the slowly flowing water,
rolling, dove-grey pillows, bursting with winter.

Standing among the naked trees,
under my feet their yellow, wrinkled leaves,
I was afraid to move.

It became cooler, and the north wind
danced a rondo on the water,
a deathly, silent dance.
I had to go. The clouds were heavy, leaden.

Stepping on white-cracked branches
I walked away, when suddenly
from a heap of burnt-red leaves a bird rose
shooting herself up,
a tiny pinpoint
piercing the grey sky.

I stopped in silence, in cool quietness
broken only by the rustling sound of disturbed leaves,
falling, settling,
dying on the ground.
Snow began to fall.

OPEN WINDOW

The wind whistles
through the cracked lips of barren trees;
the train cries,

mourning for departed summer eves
when the descent of blooming nicotenes
drugged the robbin in her nest
and intoxicated the cricket
singing his cat-gut songs,
keeping awake the frog in the pond.

The wind whistles through
the curtain's thin weave,
the fabric shivers;
in the night-air it moves,
trying to fly
into the depth of the room
and like a white net
it sieves the blue sky,
catching the hard
autumnal stars;
keeping them
out of my room.

TILYA GALLAY

RAIN

It is raining.
And a thousand-thousand silver arrows
Twinkle on the tin roof
The night rain
Draws a black patent cloak over the street,
Which mirrors
Brilliant lights in queer, distorted shapes.
A shaft of silver
Winds in the gutter;
And lights shiver in the water
In a crazy, spinning stream.
And then the rain,
With its silver fingers, shrivels my pane
And shrouds my view.

D. G. JONES

AN OLD GOD ON MOUNT ROYAL

White, frozen water falling
sinuous, white down the black rock.
Oh look! Hermes,
the twisting friendly beard of Hermes,
His face forms in the depth of the rock.
Old Heapy!
smack in the centre of the rock-pile,
the city,
Where automobiles drum the pavement,
vans slap by a thirty m.p.h.
And no one comes in the sunlight,
And no one lays a gift on the grey stone,
no one speaks to the god in the stone.
The traveller moves with the speed of anxiety,
The traveller wears out his nervous shoe
on the sun-wet pavement.
They invite your displeasure, the usual troubles,
slippery roads, a rough journey.
One does not hurry to a long life.
I will go more slowly.
Early in the lucid dawn I will come
and lay bread, milk, and a little honey
on the rock for the friendly Hermes.
I will go more slowly
and hope for a smoother journey.

PAUL ALMOND

Two Poems

EPITAPH

for Lieut. H. R. Cleveland, Montreal,
dead of wounds in Korea, April 1951.

Translated into earth, your mind will explore
The bedded meanings, the silver roots of springs.
Gradual as music, you will make your way
Through hidden paths of soil, the routes
Of worms and crevices of knowledge, too soon
A tabernacle of birds, a tomb of flowers.

I spend my eye over brief colours
Gleaning from gardens their evasive
Talent: insects of honey, the ripe nests,
The silent toad, these define
Wisdom, and I move knowing

You, who forced your vast engines down
Highways of discontent (an unweedy wisdom),
Now stir a little air with wings or join
—heaving pavements with great roots,
shining in the teeth of tigers—
Your laughter to the bobbing asphodel.

ROSALIND

With boy-like delight she catapults
her laughter to the tearful stars;
or daily, her earnest tenderness
is so like violets; my sky
applauds with summer clouds her smiling.

O brown girl, brown
with immaculate seasons
young with leaves and columbine,
cast your sighs for my old winter
hobbles to and fro amid the crocuses.

She beckons chuckles from old women, wheeling
their barrows, she cudgels children
from animal intents, she fondles
my features with her cloud-culling eyes
daubing my landscape days with dreaming.

ALLISTER MacDONALD

MIDNIGHT

The flat trajectories of the street
Break beyond doors
Below the high window-seat
Between night and morning.

Light is fitful
Across shoulder and head.
Midnight rises,
Clockwork in the heavy tower

Falling
Through limb
And separate nerve
To darkness of morning.

The Relic

Dick Lunn

Far ahead and below he saw the airport. The huge runways stretched long and lazy in the sunlight. In a few minutes he would join the circuit, land, and be on his way home with Marge. Home was wonderful, he mused, especially with a wife like Marge.

He came into the circuit and throttled back on the downwind leg, watching for a signal from the tower. A DC-6 was running up in front of the terminal, its propellers flashing little silver circles in the sunlight. Several other aircraft were parked on hangar aprons, and the hangar doors were open. The tower was ignoring him. Evidently they weren't noticing private aircraft today. No signal. He turned on the approach leg and began letting down. Minutes later he parked in front of his club's hangar and cut the engine.

Unbuckling himself from the seat, he climbed from the plane and hurried toward the terminal building.

"Must have been an accident," he muttered.

The waiting room was deserted. He paused in the restaurant entrance. There was the smell of burned food in the air and two of the glass coffee-makers behind the counter had boiled dry. Uneasily he walked back to the tarmac. The roar from the DC-6 seemed intensely loud. As he stood there, one of the engines cut out and the propeller jerked to a stop.

"What the devil?" he thought. Something strange had certainly happened. He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. The smoke calmed him, and he turned slowly and went into the waiting room again. He took a five cent piece from his pocket and went to the bank of pay phones along the wall. The sound of the dial tone hummed reassuringly from the receiver. He dialed his apartment. He let the phone in the apartment ring six times, and thoughtfully hung up.

"Marge must have left for here," he said aloud.

Timetables were spread out on the ticket counter. There were several partly filled ashtrays, and some of the leather chairs bore the impress of recent occupation. Baggage was piled on a hand truck by one

of the loading ramps. He walked over and inspected some of the labels. Reading the destination, he glanced at the blackboard timetable above the ticket counter.

"Flight ninety-seven," he read aloud, "on time. The DC-6 running up."

"This is the strangest damn thing," he muttered, and walked out of the terminal door toward the parking area. He stopped abruptly. There was his car. He ran toward it. It *was* his car. The keys were in the ignition, and when he opened the door he smelled Marge's perfume. He left the door open and sat on the end of the seat, his feet on the ground.

"Now what the hell?" he thought.

The remaining three engines of the DC-6 stopped, and the sudden silence seemed loud and a bit terrifying. A breeze he hadn't noticed before was making slight noises in the grass and in the wire fence along the parking lot. He felt cool and zipped up his leather jacket. With sudden decision he swung his feet into the car, closed the door, and started the motor.

In the city, traffic was an almost impassable tangle. He drove slowly through and past a welter of stopped cabs, trolley-buses, cars and trucks. At one particularly scrambled intersection, he stopped his car and got out to look for a way through. A newspaper tumbled up the street, flattened itself on the sidewalk, and slid grittily against the door of a cigar store. In the rising wind, a "no parking" sign creaked dismally. It felt like rain. He got in the car and sat looking around him in terror and amazement. "This is a nightmare," he thought. "If I scream, the boys will come and wake me up." He tilted back his head and screamed. The scream went around and around inside the car and around and around inside his head. He stopped. No re-assuring hand shook him by the shoulder. "I'm not dreaming. *This is reality.*" He started the car and began manoeuvering through the snare of vehicles.

He turned north and drove swiftly on the almost deserted street. Ten minutes later, he parked in front of a large apartment building and went inside. Automatically he entered the elevator. It was not working. He left it and slowly climbed six flights of stairs. He let himself into his apartment and stood looking around.

It was little different from when he had left two weeks earlier. In the kitchen was a partially prepared lunch. Peeled potatoes were in the pressure-cooker and the coffee pot was on the stove ready to be perked. Two chops lay on the broiler grill, and an aluminum cooking pot held a can of peas.

"Lunch," he thought, and then he was hungry.

The gas was working. He hastily cooked the food. He was no longer thinking. The scream seemed to have settled him. He rose from the table and went into the living room.

From a decanter he helped himself to a large drink, and went to the window. It was a large window with low sills. The panorama it afforded of the city had always pleased him. He put his foot on the sill. He thought of this and guiltily put his foot on the floor. He stared out of the window and smoked slowly.

An explosion startled him. To the south he could see large sheets of flame flash across the sky.

"The oil storage tanks on the waterfront. Probably everything will burn or blow up." He thought of himself and the apartment building. Maybe it would burn soon. He didn't care. Let the whole damn city blow up! In this mood he poured himself a second drink. Suddenly chocked and sputtered and threw the glass to the floor. He put on his jacket and hurried from the building.

"Only one way to prove it," he muttered.

On the street he paused and looked around. The wind was blowing strongly, and the air was full of smoke. A little whirlwind of dust formed in the street and came toward him. It blew against him, and disintegrated. He shivered as he got into his car. He was very calm now, because he knew.

Clouds were gathering and it was growing darker. A few drops of rain splattered on the windshield. Glancing back toward the city, he could see that more fires had started. The sky was lighted a dull red, and the clouds of smoke merged with the storm clouds massing up from the south.

A few miles farther on he parked the car in front of huge, wrought iron gates. He got out and a gust of rain-sprinkled wind struck him and he turned up his jacket collar. Lightning flickered viciously some miles away to the south, and the wind brought the dull sound of thunder to him. He passed through the gates.

As he had known they must be, the graves were open and empty. He wondered where Marge was.

WILLIAM DUMARESQ

Three Poems

A VOICE OF ANGELS

A voice of angels rising from a nunnery,
Crossing through the early winter air,
Into our garden, which is stark with shadow,
Enters in the cold, and settles there.

And disappears. Lights are clear at night,
And give no light, like darkened poplar trees
And dry-bone sticks that shelter in our garden.
Christ is risen from the dead land in spring,
— Not now, when bark begins to peel,
And that voice rings into the broken twigs.

We sit above the sounds, and walk upon the dry-bone sticks,
Staring through the arms of these sheltering poplar trees,
Through the crumbling stones and walk of ashes,
Into the nunnery, where, far beyond the silence,
Comes the voice of angels rising,
Floating to our ear.

DEATH IN THE SNOW

Birds chat from window sills,
In little ledges, ruts and clefts,
Speaking out, into the falling snow,
And you walk grimly to your snowy death.

Across the whitening ramps you go,
Through streets that make the snow seem grey,
Indeterminately mawkish,
In the septentrional overflow.

You, through your eyes, are an old swan
Who does not chatter for the cold,
But who cadavers in a fast ascent,
A shade who climbs into the snow;

Soon you'll chatter as you flutter
To the ledges, with the birds.

PRAYER

Verily, I say unto thee, O Lord,
That beneath our skins we have found,
Through the disease of the flesh,
Our joy in thee; though the world
Hath corrupted our flames,
And veered them away from thy sight,
We have found joy in the thought
Of thy wounds, blood streaming on the lines
Joining the pinpoints of our souls
With the spot of thy heavenly Father, O God,
Touching both him and thee in the same point.

I have looked in my time, O God,
And I have gathered herein the dregs of our lot,
Wondering on thy divine mystery,
And thou seemest to be afraid of me,
Else why dost thou run?

But take us, for we are thy children.
Take us into thy blood everlasting!

The Hollow Men

John Waterhouse

The air smelled sharp and leafy that autumn and the mists rose from the fields in the evening. Some fields were brown stubble which stuck up awkwardly in patches like a child's hair; in others the stubble had been plowed in and the black Chernozem soil smelled simple and rich and thoughtful.

John leaned his bicycle against the bridge and broke off sticks from the hedge-row; they broke crisp and white and he dropped three of them into the water; then he crossed the road and waited for the sticks to come out. The middle one would be his, on the right would be Mary's and the long one nearest the bank would be Father's. The sticks would have been Oxford and Cambridge if there had been only two and Oxford would have won, so perhaps Father would win for Oxford. And sure enough here was Father coming out first and John leaned away over the bridge to see. John was next, though; he looked into the hollow shadows of the bridge and could hardly see Mary but she was right under the bridge, he discovered, caught up with some flotsam on the bank. He just bet that if they sailed any further he would pass Father. In fact, he was catching up now, yes he was sure. The sticks were farther down now by the bullrushes and it was hard to see but they looked almost even before John lost them in a dark braid of weed.

He pedalled quickly up to the rectory for they were having pickelets for tea. Walking up the last steep rise of the drive, he could see his mother, his father and Mary through the lighted French windows of the lounge. Suddenly he shivered; sometimes you shiver without ever being cold, an alive shiver like music, and John shivered and ran into the house for tea.

They were all there in the lounge; John saw his mother at the table with Mary, and his father standing with his back to the fireplace, angular, tall, and thin. It was almost as though father were the chimney and the smoke should be coming through his legs and curling out of his thick, grey hair.

"You're late," said the Rev. Mr. Tollitt.

"Just a little, sir. We had a house game today."

"When you get to Harrow, my boy, you'll learn to appreciate your mother's cooking and not be so careless about mealtimes. We shall not wait next time."

They were all four seated at the table now; there was a shielded wall lamp burning but it was not strong enough to eclipse the warm, brimming firelight that flowed out over the table, burst out in the red leaves in vases and drew the very walls closer together. A delinquent creeper beat lazily on the French window and it was good to be inside. And after all, John thought, he could not really have been so late, for the pickelets warming on the hod still had a yellow pool of butter that had not soaked in.

"Mary," said his father. They bent their heads.

"We ask thee, dear Lord, to bless this food to our use and ourselves to thy service." The 'amen' was chorused and she opened her huge, lovely, brown eyes and gazed with an appropriate reverence at the ceiling. The Vicar smiled indulgently; the dear girl was really very charming and Dr. Mills would be enchanted with her when he visited. His wife, Lavinia, made a quick movement with her serviette and John lifted up the pickelets from the fireplace.

"How did school go today, John dear?" asked Lavinia.

"Wizard," said John. "We won the fives two to one and Lucas said I was jolly sure to get my colours and old Matthews let off a firework in Latin and Codger didn't half jump. But then the smoke came out of the inkwell and Matt got the swish and Codger gave him a detention for tomorrow as well so that he won't be able to get out to burn the Guy."

"Don't let me see you doing any of those silly pranks," said his mother. "One Guy Fawkes' when your uncle Harold was young he blew off all his eyebrows with a firework." One of her large intense, brown eyes winked just a little and he knew that she was not really cross. John wondered if Grandpa had liked Mother and decided no.

"... and Jane Forbes asked us to her party on Saturday," Mary was saying. "It's fancy dress and I can go in my little Dutch girl and may we go, please, Daddy?"

"Well, let me see," said the vicar. "The Forbes live over towards Hanley. I'm going over that way on Saturday to see the curate and I dare say I can pick you up. Mind it will be early, though. None of this gallivanting around and late nights. Yes, I think you may accept Jane's card for John and yourself. Don't you think so, dear?"

Lavinia sighed.

"It will be all right for Mary, dear, but I don't quite know what we can fix up for John, if it's fancy dress." John quickly decided that he didn't want to go and said so.

"Nonsense," said the vicar. "You must learn to escort your sister and not be always thinking whether you are enjoying it yourself. I am sure your mother will find you something to wear. These things are not usually too elaborate."

"Yes, dear, but do you really think . . . ," began Lavinia. Reverend Tollitt looked up quickly and surprisingly sternly and Lavinia sighed again and thought of pirates' costumes in the attic.

"I don't want to go to any old party."

"John, that will be quite enough. It is much better that you and Mary are able to enjoy yourselves together where we know where you are instead of your roaming all over the place with those ruffians in the village. Also, I have been meaning to tell you children that Dr. Mills has found time to come all the way down from Oxford tomorrow for the evening and, of course, would be most offended if you were not here to greet him. If you impress him favorably, John, I needn't tell you how much he might help you when you go up for your orders."

John didn't hear the last of this; it was a tableau for John, that moment. No Guy Fawkes'. The day of days to be spent in the house with visitors and in its place a tame party on Saturday. That was the import but not the thought; he didn't think at all, everything was very still and suddenly quiet. A log rolled over in the hearth but that was the next second; the first second was awfully alone and apart. Like a jungle; thick, steaming trees, rotting, echoing; like a deep pool of loneliness. And then it was over and while the log turned in the hearth there came a hot tide of anger and after that a slow, deadening flow of hate. He heard himself protest and his father answered the correct and crushing answer and only the hate remained.

Tea went on; they ate pickelets, they ate bread and butter, and then cakes and all the way drank tea and the incident became past time. Mary ignored, Father triumphed, and Mother sympathised and these three attitudes were seen only by John who looked for them and was independent of them. He felt them like a light, warm breeze on the cheek that does not move the branches; it was in a word or an inflection and it was in the way his mother held her teacup. They finished tea soon and the vicar looked to his son for the customary final grace.

"For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful." They got up.

"I would like to see you in the library, please, John. Say in about ten minutes."

"Yes, sir." Mary ran up to the nursery for her tennis racquet and went outside to play against the stable wall.

"Put on your old coat, dear," called Lavinia. "We can't have that new one dirtied." Really, the child dressed up at the most extraordinary times. She turned her attention to her son, who was sprawled despairingly in the armchair.

"Never mind, dear," said Lavinia. "I'm sure your father knows what's best. We'll see if we can catch the fireworks from the terrace after Dr. Mills leaves."

"Do I really have to go to that party?" he asked.

"It would be easier if you did as your father wished," said Lavinia softly and without conviction.

John wondered why his father wanted to see him in the library. Oh, it was probably the swish for sulking. There was that cold, numb feeling of waiting. He didn't care. He was too old for the swish. The anger came back; he wouldn't take it. Why should he take the strap? Small fists hitting tight, sinewy flesh and hitting bone, hard and inflexible. He banged his fist on the arm of the chair which was soft. He would go out tomorrow night and he wasn't going to be strapped. His father called from the library and he was almost running, not afraid any more but hating and angry and angry more than hating.

His father was sitting at the desk and looked up as John knocked and entered.

"Sit down, John," said the vicar quietly. "I just want to have a little talk with you. It may have seemed to you that I was unduly strict with you just now. I want to explain why I had to do what I did. But before I do you must stop sulking; you are thirteen now which is much too old to be sulking. I expect it in Mary but not in you."

John changed his expression. He had not been sulking but rather taken aback by the calm, almost kindliness of his father. It checked his anger suddenly and unfairly and the anger became sterilised from want of opposition. He now drew in his lips and looked straight at his father.

"The importance of tomorrow's visit cannot be over-estimated," the vicar went on. "It is very essential when you take your orders that you are recognised by influential people as having worth. I want you to do more than manage; I want you to succeed in the church. Without your contacts you cannot. Now about the party on Saturday," the vicar

went on without a break, "Mary is eleven and it's time you began to chaperone her around a little. Also I feel you have been seeing too little of your own friends and going around instead with the village boys. You must understand, John, that I have a reputation to maintain and it is all too often that a clergyman's son is dubbed bad by tradition. See that you don't justify it. Do you understand what I'm getting at! Of course you do. You will get extra Guy Fawkes pocket-money anyway, but I can't say that I am sorry that you won't be going out. A very pagan custom, I have always thought. All right, that is all I wanted to say to you, son."

John still sat there, bewildered by both the moderate tone and the unusual fluency of his father's speech. The vicar repeated, "You may go now, John. I have my sermon to finish." John got up and left, like a pigeon that runs into a window in the rain. The heavy hate remained viscerally; his mind was objects and sounds; the handle of the door was loose and hard and cold. Two rattles and a gentle pneumatic closing noise behind him. Five white bannisters along the landing each swollen in the middle; the sixth with black friction tape where there was a split. On the seventh stair down he tripped on the stair-rod, swore without experience and then turned and kicked the stair-rod and kicked and kicked with a static hate for the stair-rod which welled up and choked in his throat. The tears came quickly, blinded his eyes and ran down his cheeks, salty, into his mouth and he choked back loud sobs and ran upstairs and up more stairs and shut and bolted the door of his bedroom. He hugged the pillow and sobbed until there were no more tears and his face was hot and stiff like parchment against the pillow.

Then he was tired but clearer in his mind and he opened the window. It was cool and moonlit outside and felt good on his face. He reached down and peeled a piece of moss off the roof and threw it at the cat sitting in the driveway. The moss fell in the grass and the cat leaped on it like a mad thing, primordial, black and gleaming. John shivered because it was cold and watched the cat; the cat was sensual and amoral; the cat toyed with moss in the grass and then took it distastefully in her mouth and ran round to the back door mewing bleakly. John thought of a trail of glazed green clots where the moss must have bled.

He turned inside and pulled the window down; his foot struck a box of hoarded fireworks under the bed and he wondered what to do with these. Maybe dash off somewhere tomorrow after the visit and set them all off by himself. Like God; making a star and then blowing

it up. Like Genesis he would let them all off; the rockets, catherine wheels and row of Roman candles, dizzy greens and reds, and virgin mercuric white, blue stars and yellow, spitting discs. All at once; tomorrow was bath night; so it would have to be before; between Dr. Mills and a bath. But what glories! His eyes sparkled. Like God.

He went down to the bathroom and washed his face. Mary was playing in the nursery now; she was playing with John's blocks. John's blocks were something magnificent left by a generous American uncle. There were many of them in all different shapes and they were grooved so that you could run things like small discs and marbles down them. He never tired of building with them and with the toy train he could compile quite impressive houses and stores. He wanted to go and play with them now; it was something to do more than anything else. He felt an outcast, different since the episode at tea but nobody else seemed to act as though anything had happened.

Mary said in quite her normal voice, "Oh, it's you again."

"What you building?"

"A doll's house, silly. Can't you see?" John could see but he couldn't have known; the dolls were much too large for the proposed house and one doll stood demurely in the parlor while her eyes inspected the drainpipe on the roof. It was like Alice trying to become the right size to enter the Wonderland.

"Here that isn't right," said John and he reached for a small drawer of china dolls. "Let's start all over again."

"And have the train running up onto the back verandah?" suggested Mary, expansively.

"All right, only it's a daft idea." And so they were happy and by supper John had laid away Guy Fawkes for a time. Lavinia was happy that he had forgotten, and the vicar was pleased; there would be no more fuss.

Supper and bed passed in a glow of warmth; clean wooly pyjamas, the tang of toothpaste, the breathless cold of the bedroom and the heavy comfort of blankets. John slept and the next morning it was blustery and sharp. A good Guy day; and then first pang of remembering Dr. Mills and then a little consolation at the thought of his own private display came upon him. He wouldn't tell anyone at school that he wouldn't be there. Just funking it, they would think.

Breakfast was good and Mary said the grace wrong and John was in high delight and made certain that his grace was letter perfect. He coasted down to school on his bike. He was the wind and cut clean, like a knife, through the air, which was a piece of cheese. School seemed

very slow, even the lunch hour when he played fives. Everyone talked of last year's Guy Fawkes', how the Guy looked like Bishop Pratt and when it burned one of the girls had to be taken home. No girls this year, said Squires who was a fifth former and a man of authority. So it was agreed that all girls would be barred. John was asked whether he was coming and said yes, rather. Don't forget, then, six o'clock at Jenkins' barn. Everyone was sorry for poor old Matthews who had to stay and do lines. John had suddenly to check this vicarious feeling that he was actually going to the burning and tutor himself in the glories of his private display.

The trouble was that he was feeling out of it; everybody wanted to go so tremendously and then everyone at home was curious to see Dr. Mills and he felt out of both feelings. Like God, he thought and wondered if it wouldn't be very miserable to be God. God was very like his father sometimes, it seemed. He could make you do all sorts of things but never because you wanted to, as though you were helping, but always because you had to. Hell would be a sort of red-hot funnel with people strapping you all the way down. He wanted desperately to burn the Guy with people round about ; to shout and shout and never be heard because everyone else was shouting too.

He devised all afternoon; there would be an awful stink but all that could happen would be a strapping and he could tell Father he didn't want to go in the old clergy, anyway. He'd be an engineer and build and build. If he stayed in the school library until half-past five, it would be dark enough so that he could sneak off to Jenkins' barn and no one who mattered would see. The more he thought about this the better the idea seemed and his spirits rose. Caesar and the Helvetii positively ripped along and when, presently, the bell rang his heart beat a little faster but he went in and sat down in the library.

"Doing a little research, Tollitt, I see," said Mr. Hall of the classical Fifth. "Keep it up. Want you in my class next year." John scowled at his back and started the National Geographics. He got interested in an article on the igloo and then looked at the well-thumbed pages of breasty native women but still the time dragged out. Twice he studied the clock carefully for a full minute to see if it had stopped; he looked out of the window at twenty-five past five and decided that it was dark enough and he would walk slowly up the drive. Down to the cloakroom and then up the long drive to the school entrance. It was going to be a terrific night for the Guy. The moon was up already and the trees looked weird. Through the entrance; car stopping on the other side of the road; Jennings' horses with the hay cart; car door opens.

"John, you really are naughty. Father asked you especially not to be late." It was mother with the car. He thought of running but he couldn't somehow; there was no corner to turn, just a wide flat open space. So he walked over to the car with a sigh.

"Whatever were you doing all that time?" asked Lavinia. "I came down here as soon as tea was over. Your father is very cross. Fortunately Dr. Mills' train is late so you will have time to get changed."

John mumbled something in excuse about staying to get some books but it seemed too wearying to make up a good excuse. He would have to have the fireworks by himself.

Lavinia was upset and clashed the gears. How was dinner going? It would surely spoil before the train got in; and Martha still with the forks to clean which should have been done this morning. They arrived at the rectory. "Now you go upstairs and wash, and behind your neck and ears, mind, and I have put out your grey flannel suit and a clean shirt and tie on the bed.And please, dear, do try and behave."

"Yes, mother." An automatic reply and a dash upstairs to avoid possible encounter with father.

"I say, you are late." This from Mary.

"Oh, shut up." He washed quickly and ran upstairs to the bedroom to change. The car started up outside and it was father going to meet Dr. Mills at the station. He went downstairs where the maid, Martha, shepherded Mary and himself into the lounge.

"Your mother says you are to stay in here and keep clean, whatever you do," said Martha. "She is changing and will be down in half an hour."

"I wonder what he'll be like," said Mary who was wearing a powder blue dress with a bow at the neck.

"Who?"

"Dr. Mills, silly."

"Oh, who cares?"

"You and your silly fireworks. That's all you ever think about." Silence. John played with the fringe of the chair and Mary sat on the settee.

John felt that somehow he should have run; if it had been father, he would have, he decided. Now the chance was gone and he was imprisoned in the grey suit and he realised sickeningly that he would probably never get out at all now. His heart was heavy and there was no one to help him so he was rude to Martha when she came in for the candlesticks.

Mother came down looking superb.

"I say!" said John. Lavinia smiled and straightened his tie and there was a nice, mysterious, cologny scent about her. Then Dr. Mills and father arrived and mother went out to greet them, after which the men retired to the study to talk. Dinner was soon ready; the children were paraded and presented.

"This is my daughter, Mary, and my son, John, Dr. Mills," said father looking stern for John.

"Charming, charming," said the visitor. "I shall be seeing more of the young man, I believe, when he is up at Christ's in a few years time." He beamed. He was a man of immense and all-encompassing good humour which was somehow marred by a marked weakness of his jaw. This made for a rabbity look and a rather effeminate smile. The chin was the unmaking of the evening; John was set against him from the start and Mary quickly overcame her awe and skirted the impert-tinent. Lavinia disliked him but covered up admirably and as for the vicar he was rather surprised with the ease with which he could sway the doctor in conversation.

Martha brought in the soup and Mary said the first grace. John wasn't hungry and left half the soup. It was an unconscious anti-climax; somehow a person who stopped one from the only Guy Fawkes' Day in a whole year was imagined as immensely tall and with a huge black beard. John thought of the guy and imagined Dr. Mills with straw for a head and burning. Crummy to be kept in for him. He was hating his father too; there they were together and John hated the collars they were wearing, white as snow but shining unhealthily; one thin ascetic neck and one fat, prosperous neck and John hated everyone and stuffed down food and choked and begged his pardon.

He looked at the tablecloth which was starched but not shiny and then the water jug turned a sudden miraculous green. John turned around and there was a rocket bursting wonderfully down in the meadow. And another blue one and a burning white one he could see through the dining room window. Martha came in with dessert.

"Would you mind drawing the curtains, please, Martha?" asked the vicar.

"Those illuminations are somewhat disquieting." There were no more fireworks, just distant noise.

"Which pudding will it be, John?" asked Lavinia, having served the others. "Junket or rhubarb tart?"

"I don't care," said John. He was seething. Nobody would help; they all just sat there looking good like a lot of family portraits. Everybody was so polite and Martha went around on tiptoe. He wanted to

shout till that chin receded into the neck and the collar snapped. He ate; jabbed with his fork and swallowed without chewing. It was getting hot in here; hotter and hotter; he squirmed on the chair and the leather squeaked. The candle flickered and John felt as though he were hanging right in the center of the flame, turning white and shiny with the heat and purity of the burning wax.

"John, may we have the final grace?" said his father and John heard his voice down a long telescoped bulls-eye of time and cried, "No, I won't say it."

Then the candle seemed to go out and the bulls-eye became two-dimensional; everyone stared and John burst into tears and ran out of the room.

"What on earth's the matter with the boy, today? Disgraceful behavior. Please accept my apologies, Dr. Mills. I must speak to the boy afterwards."

"Not at all, not at all. These little things happen, I'm sure."

"I expect he had a hard day at school." said Lavinia, softly.

TO COLLEGE CONTRIBUTORS

We are hoping to make this college issue an annual affair, and we are inviting contributions for a new issue tentatively scheduled for publication next fall: we are soliciting manuscripts *now* because we found, of course, that it was next to impossible when exams. were approaching and in the deep silence that followed them. Original poems, short stories, personal essays and critical articles will be considered for inclusion. There are several reprints in the present issue — more than we would have included if other material of the same standard had been available: we would prefer to publish a much larger proportion of original work. You may contribute to our college issues if you are a Canadian doing graduate or undergraduate work at any university, or if you belong in the same age-group. Whether or not they do become an annual affair, will depend on the response we receive from you.

A prize of ten dollars has been awarded to John Glen, for his story, *The Victim,* in this issue, and to William Dumaresq, for his poem, *A Voice of Angels.* We hope to make these prizes a regular feature of an annual college issue.

The Editors

D. KOSZTOLANY

FROM *THE COMPLAINTS OF A SMALL BOY*

We killed the ugly toad.
Oh, it was terrible!
It was a wild war.
In the afternoon, hellish yellow,
we worked up to our necks
in blood and mud like butchers.
And the toad was dead,
a piece of emerald.
Her eyes were rubies,
and she sweated poisonous diamonds,
her legs turquoise, her belly sapphire,
her hide woven silk,
and with all these wondrous treasures
the rich, ugly mother toad lay stretched.
We pushed her down
with sticks to the earth.
One of us slashed her,
the other killed her.
We dragged her to the cemetery
where a thousand mites mourned her—
and the twilight.
And through the dusk
she looked up at us with open, bloody eyes.
We stood there, cruel, frozen,
like triumphant generals.
Now we are here,
after a beautiful battle,
our spotless small room dark.
Our lips smile.
Our clenched teeth bite back disgust,
and with pride we raise our heads high,
we herdsmen, we dwarf warriors.

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I'll commit suicide . . .
I say sadly.
Should anybody look at me with an angry eye
I'll hang myself in the park . . .
Or with a pistol, like many big men.
Then they can cry over me.
With closed eyes, pale, I am sleeping deeply
Among roses, my face resting on blue lace.
And even when they call me, I'll never answer, never . . .
My whip and my snail can go to my brother,
My book of stamps can go to my best friend.
My puppets I'll leave to my sister
Or anyone can have them, I don't care.
I'll really go, they'll never see me again.
Only my small coat will ask in the morning:
Where is he?
I'll leave this whole world
Where I was so much, oh so much disappointed.
Poor boy, you'll hear them say,
A tiny angel's gone to heaven.
And suddenly
I am sorry for myself.
Half crying I whisper . . .
Poor, poor little boy.

Translated from the Hungarian by John Hirsch

The Excretion of the Pearl

D. G. Jones

That is, it was autumn. The striding year had turned its back on the summer and had left the trees and the grass withered and brown. I turned off the ignition and sat looking out through the slim pillars of the pine trees at the grey water and the grey clouds that blew solidly down the lake. It was hardly a holiday setting. The red and green lodge, the colour greyed by the weather, looked shabby and smaller in its isolation. Some of the windows had been boarded up already. We had found it gay, rambling and open, in July!

I got out of the car, slammed the door, and walked the short length of muddy road to the lodge. After the damp wind from the lake, the main lodge was warm and familiar. The roughhewn logs, the cushioned wicker chairs, the sandstone fireplace, and the stained pine information desk resisted the seasonal isolation, and time itself. That was the beauty of old things: they had outlived generations of trouble and had become independent.

Sandy Burton appeared finally, his greying moustache shaggy and stiff, his eyes acutely angled and sharp. He did not ask much—he knew he did not have to tell me that the fishing was over. "Nobody here right now," he remarked, "only a few rooms still made up." And he led me back to the one, the one, that Adele had slept in in July. "Supper 'll be 'n 'bout an hour. You can sit 'n the kitchen 'n talk to Molly if you want," Sandy suggested. But I told him I thought I would take a rest before supper.

The room was small. One window looked out toward the lake; one wall went only part way to the roof. It was strange how these rooms became so bare merely because the season was over, just as the theatre when its season has ended. I lay down on the bed. I lay quite straight, and stiffly, with my hands behind my head. Adele had lain here, and this bed had sunk beneath the weight of her body, she had seen the light brown wood of these walls, and with her eyes wide she had stared at the roof, tracing the currents of the grain in the wood. . . . the window, the window would have been open. I got up and went to the window, pushed the curtains aside, and opened it. There was the wet wind cold

on my face, and the sound of the waves. I closed the curtains and lay down again . . . the warm wind and the sound of the water as it ran and splashed on the shore and on the dock, the warm wind stirring in the curtains, and Adele stirring her limbs on the bed. I had slept on the other side of the partition. I had also heard these sounds, and listened for her movements, her shoulder rubbing the wood.

Suddenly I realized it was getting cold. I got off the bed and closed the window. Perhaps I had better go into the kitchen and talk to Molly. Alone here, the atmosphere seeped into the mind.

The meal was difficult. Even round-faced, affable Molly was somehow dampened. Her big nose, her ox-eyes, seemed sober rather than pleasantly funny. We talked little. Sandy's moustache moved up and down as he ate, not even stopping when he intermittently spoke of the improvements and repairs he would be doing during the winter, or of the damage the ice might do to the dock next spring.

"Have you a boat and motor I could use in the morning," I asked old Sandy toward the end of the meal. He did, he said. He would have it already whenever I wanted it. Breakfast, he added, would be at eight or a little after.

I helped Molly with the dishes and then went back to the room. Lying in the dark, in bed, I listened to the sound of the waves and the wind in the pines. It was a black sound. Out on the lake, on the leafless hills, the wind was bringing the winter. A few animals might be padding to the water through the dark underbrush, but there were no people, no tourists, out there.

There was just the tall pine, black on the top of the rock, looking down as the wind swept the lake. Odysseus, on the moonless sea with the dark water rolling and slushing under the gunwales, had his men about him. He was not alone. But Leander alone in the water, nothing but water under his body, nothing but water beneath his feet . . . I opened my eyes to stare into the dark room, and pulled the blankets up over my shoulders . . . must go to sleep.

The morning was grey and the wind was still blowing. The room, the walls, the damp air slowly re-formed into meaning as I stared unmoving from my bed. While dressing, my white body was cold in the watery light.

At breakfast I borrowed a leather jacket and scarf from Sandy. Afterwards we went out into the wind, walking on the pine needles to the dock. The boat was bumping the planks, the motor ready, screwed to the transom, rising and falling with the boat. I untied the soggy rope while Sandy bailed a few cans of water from the bottom.

"Don't forget your lunch," cried the old man as I started to push the boat from the dock with an oar, and he tossed the brown paper bag into the bow. "I'll be back early," I yelled and turned to the motor, the boat drifting fast in the wind, drifting toward the rocky shore. Three or four pulls on the rope and the motor caught, sputtered, and bit into the water. The bow heeled around and headed out into the lake, heading north, tossing spray, moving north toward Baldy Bay.

I sat in the stern with my hand on the vibrating motor. It was better like this, moving. I was off on a voyage. What were typewriters and desks, what did the office mean now, or the car. The car stood back there at the lodge, doltish, dumb and metallic, waiting. And I was out on a voyage—not to discover new lands—just a voyage through the rough water and the sunless weather. It was good to be going, the waves banging the boat, the waves dashed in my face. I felt almost happy. No, not happy, jubilant. And Adele, Adele we are going on a voyage.

Later, later, the motor still droning, now a little louder, we passed through the narrows by Ship Island, passed the dark shoreline that moved in on us with the points of land, passed out again into the open water of Baldy Bay. There, on the right, on the far shoreline, the hills loomed up abruptly out of the water. The rock grew clearer, and the tall pine curved on the bare top of the centre point of land.

The boat moved in under the steep walls of the rock. I pushed my thumb down on the button and cut off the motor. The friendly isolation of the island, of the boat and myself, was broken. The boat drifted in the lilt of the waves toward the cliff. The sound of the wind and the waves filled the unnatural stillness. I caught the curved trunk of a stunted cedar and tied the rope around its pale bark. I climbed out of the boat and up the rock, making my way to the top, to the tall pine, branchless except for the topmost reaches, which leaned and lisped in the wind. From here I could see the boat, small and wedge-shaped in the water. I could see the whole stretch of the sullen bay from the narrows to the sand beach at the other end.

We had stood here, then, tall and stiff in the summer wind, with our homes and our jobs and our games behind us. We had stood with the wind in our hair, the wind gently flapping our shirts, filling our eyes with the ranging hills and the long stretch of wrinkling, glittering water where the sun reflected from its height in the tall blue sky. We were young, young and the glittering world lay below us. And we had searched these rocks, clambering over them, discovering moss, tearing moss from the rock and then forgetting it. I had watched her movements, her back

twisting as she went over the stones, her breasts creasing the white shirt.

Down, down the rock, here on this shelf we had sat on the soft pine needles, less in the wind. We had watched the waves move in, one on the other, and one on the other again, moving in on the white logs and driftwood in the cove. I had stared at her tan forearm with the soft white hairs glistening in the sunlight. It had been hot. The wind ran through the dry grasses, sex ran whispering, searching through the dry grass. We had bodies then.

I proposed a swim. Adele agreed; she agreed and I hesitated. She dared me. We undressed. On the rock, in the sun and the wind we stood naked, poised on the cliff. We had bodies then.

We dove and the water went splashing white about us. It was cool. We hauled ourselves out dripping in the warm sun. It was good for us. And we dove again.

High on the rock to the left she stood. What were goddesses then, what does it take to make a goddess? High, above me, poised in the sunlight she stood. And she dove, nude, curving down to the water. To the left she dove into the water.

And the water remained unbroken. The bright waves washed in unbroken. I scrambled and fell and reached the rocky edge. I saw her white body floating, moving with the water by the foot of the cliff, and the great rock edged and solid, dark under the water. Her limbs were fluid, her arms and legs graceful, almost white under the water, wavering, swaying slowly in the long ripple of the clear water.

Were they all men? "The pearls that were . . ." Her pearls, milky and undulating . . . the pearl milky and wavering. Were they all men, Leander, and Orpheus, his limbs floating down the long river? All men but she who was mad? Adele was not mad. The Thracian women mad with their orgy—Cybele or jealousy?—ruined his harmony. Ruined, this harmony. But Hero, white Hero threw herself into the sea, sank in the sea below the cliffs of that island . . . the torch still burning on the tower, the flame fluttering in the darkness?

The rock was hard and the wind blew sharply out of the north-east. I pulled my scarf tight and buttoned the top of my jacket. The water washed sullenly into the cove.

The waves had stopped dancing then. The sun had turned black in my brain, the wind in the dry grass had stopped in my ears, the warm air running through the grass was stopped from my ears. "This Extasie doth unperplex . . . and tell us what we love, wee see by this it was not sexe . . ." And more, there is more in another context. Yes, " . . . a terrible

beauty is born."

I got up and stood in the face of the grey sky. I moved my arms and walked about. Christ! if a poet, if only . . . I walked to the beginning of the incline and looked down at the water and then out to the north over the dark hills. A man once cried, "Before I am old I shall have written him one poem may be as cold and passionate as the dawn." To a fisherman he said it. And what fisherman more stubborn than I who would fish life out of this water, this cold October water?

I climbed down to the water's edge and took the rope in my hands and untied it from the cedar. We see by this it was not life, I thought, nor souls. I sat on my haunches watching the wave lap the stone. And Hero, and all the others, that life might be a tougher and more precious thing? He said near the last:

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by!

I got into the boat and shoved off, the boat rocking beneath me. I stood still for a moment and stared at the cliff in the rocking silence. Then I turned to the motor.

I was glad of the racing motor that carried me out of the cove, out past the rock. I felt like running.

Again I was alone with the boat bearing me over the water. And slowly, gradually, again I became jubilant. Yet the image was burned as if by ice in my memory.

Through the narrows, into Link Bay, under the red steel bridge over the South Gap, and at last we broke from the land into the familiar length of Joe's Bay.

Above, to the west, the pale blue of the sky had appeared through the rents in the clouds, themselves bearing pale yellow tints at the edges. South, over the highway, the wooded hills were stained with amber sunlight. I looked at my watch. It was only a little past two.

Gradually the white dock and the low shape of the lodge stood out against the dark bank. I could see someone, Sandy, moving back and forth from the lodge to the woodpile. White smoke drifted from the kitchen chimney. I would get Molly to make tea and something to eat. She would be very droll about afternoon tea. Then I remembered I still had my lunch. The brown paper bag lay untouched in the bow. I smiled to myself and, taking a deep breath, I sat back in the boat and let it scud along toward the dock.

PETER SCOTT

PARC DE MONTSOURIS

My new bed has a quilted coverlet
With red autumn flowers and yellow stars
Splashing in the sky. At night we pull the blinds
(My dormitory mate and I)
And under their remains I quietly lie.

The tumble of their soil is quite apart:
Grown nervous without light.
I quietly, with hand sailing upon sheets;
Waiting for the gathering winds of dreams:
The moment to forget.

My shoes by the bed-post I do not forget.
I coud read Trollope, but when there are two of us
I do not stay up late. I watch the light
Spilling in webs from through the moving blinds
Lull the patterns across the wall,
This moving fabric which I know so well
In which I take this colorless delight:
As we move dawnwards with the windy seas
In which the trees are tossing up their leaves.

On my bed are scarlet wasted flowers
Which only I disturb. They have no roots
Save in my thoughts they shelter through the night.

Monologue

John Hirsch

I feel quite all right now, thank you. Yes, I see that I had better tell you about everything, but it is so hard to pick up one's scattered memories and put them together and then call them one's past. I suppose I should start from the time I began to teach school. I have taught school now for twenty-five years. I didn't go into the teaching profession because I really wanted to be a teacher. It was the second best thing to do. In this life one must do many unpleasant things, and I must say I was always good at adapting myself and convincing myself that even the unpleasant tasks have a purpose. Yes, teaching was second choice. I always wanted to be a writer, but when it came to deciding, I mean by that, going away from home to a large city and eating nothing but cabbage soup and living in a garret just to be a writer — well, I didn't have the courage. But I really loved to write. I still have all my highschool English essays. Dear old Miss Brown, she was my English teacher, always praised my knack—that's the word she used—for selecting the right word to express an idea. At college I always got A's on my papers. All my essays are in a box now. I haven't looked at them for goodness knows how long, but I hate to throw things away.

When I went out to teach in a rural school I kept a diary. It's strange how much time I used to spend over that diary. Now I haven't the patience to write to my old friends. Anyway, I wrote about the people in the town, and about the cold mornings, and the grey sparrows which came to my window early in the morning chirruping for the breadcrumbs I threw them. One of my little stories appeared in the town's weekly paper — I have it somewhere among my things.

But I didn't have the courage to go away to a large city and just write. To me, writers were people who had to give up so many things. Don't misunderstand me, I do not place much value on material things. All I wanted in my life was a comfortable living, which I have. Writers have to build a sort of glass wall . . . that's right I think . . . yes . . . a sort of glass wall around themselves and sit inside their walls and look out and like a scientist watch and mark down how their fellow beings live.

This is my theory about writing and writers. I was afraid I could never do that. I told myself that teaching was a larger field . . . yes . . . a broader, more human profession.

I am sorry if I am wandering off the subject of our little business But you told me to talk freely, and for years I haven't talked to people. *Really* talked. And the things which I've just told you have very much to do with my little disturbance, as you call it. I didn't have the courage to write. I think this is very important.

My subject is naturally English. English and French. Teaching English to me seemed like spreading culture. Spreading culture — I really believed that. Now when I look back at the first morning when I walked into the classroom of that small highschool up north, trying to smile and trying to look ten years older than my age, I can hardly think of that morning without crying. The room was painted very white; three lonely bulbs hung without any shade whatsoever, lighting up the cold morning. It may seem foolish to you, but I thought of myself as a small flame illuminating that room with more power and light than all those three lamps put together. Not that it mattered very much what I thought about myself. Two boys chewed their gum noisily in the first row and a girl giggled at the back as I walked up to my table. I felt myself blushing and even today I can remember the way I smoothed my skirt. Miserable is too weak a word to describe the way I felt.

Then I started to read Juliet's speech from Romeo and Juliet. You know the one I mean, "Gallop apace you fiery footed steeds." It is one of my favorites. It seems to me that all the impatience and passion of young love is bottled up in those lines. Those lines I read to my new pupils as if I were wooing them. When I finished reading the speech I went on talking about how the images and sweep of verses affected one. I talked about great horses rearing their manes in the sky . . . you know the way you watch clouds of grey smoke coming out of the throat of a hot engine into the freezing air, and then moving like a slow motion film, forming all sorts of queer shapes. Whenever I saw clouds or smoke I always tried to see those steeds and I always thought of Juliet's lines.

All this I told those young adolescents. Something I had never told anyone before. I wanted to buy them. I wanted to get across, to reach out and to give, give . . . But the girl just went on giggling at the back and the boys continued to chew their gum and I thought that behind their eyes was nothing but empty darkness . . . Cruel, cruel emptiness. I went on talking about Juliet, and the coming night, and Romeo. You see, I was young and I still had the zeal of a missionary and I could still see these vulgar youngsters as material . . . as possible converts to Shake-

speare and Browning. Browning is my favorite poet.

After years of teaching, teaching *Romeo and Juliet, Rabbi Ben Ezra, The Return of the Native,* (that's a book I don't like very much — I mean I didn't like it then. Now I think I can understand it better.) I lost more and more of the spirit of a mission. My savages refused to wear clothes, nor could they even sing a hymn without looking at the bare back of the boy in front of them. Of course, I am using a metaphor here—or is it a simile? It really doesn't matter now. But to get back to the point.

I used to tell myself that one or two out of the thousands of gum-chewing, giggling pupils of mine who listened or pretended to listen to my reading of Browning, would remember him and his wonderful poems in their hour of need. I hoped that a few students would turn to him and read *Rabbi Ben Ezra* again. "The best is yet to be." *I* always did that, and Browning did help me.

I used to imagine that when they *did* open Browning's Collected Works, they remembered my voice reading the poems to them, saw me on the platform behind the desk with the rose on it. I always had a rose on my desk. Preferably a red rose. I hope you don't think that I was foolish, but somehow I got used to buying a rose every week when I first began to teach in the city and I passed a florist shop on my way to school.

After teaching twenty-five years, and believe me these years went away so fast, I suddenly had a feeling of futility and emptiness. More and more I felt that behind the fancy glasses of the world there isn't more than behind the eyes of that gum-chewing boy. Emptiness and darkness. I read *The Return of the Native* and all of a sudden I understood it. But I felt uncomfortable. I told myself that it was not very good.

I haven't many friends. My family was very small, no uncles and aunts. The few relatives I had died. A friend of my father lived somewhere up North; I used to write him, and his daughter after he passed away, but she wasn't a very good letter writer so I dropped that too.

I belong to the poetry society. Once a month there is a meeting — sometimes it is quite interesting. We have a lecture by some College professor; then we have tea and cookies, and that's the end of it. I was elected treasurer for a year, not that I am very good at figures, but I suppose they wanted to give me some kind of office after I had been a member for so many years. But lately the college professors' lectures were becoming duller and duller for me. They talked about new poets whose works I had never read, and, much worse, I had never heard about them. When I tried to read them I became depressed. I couldn't under-

stand what they were trying to say. So I went back to Browning. I knew what he wanted to say. I felt lonely; I felt all alone and nobody cared for me. If I were to die tomorrow, not one soul would mourn for me. Somebody else reading Browning's Collected Works, somebody else putting a red rose into the high glass vase, somebody else being annoyed by the giggling girl in the last row.

Still I had the hope that somebody had benefited from my reading of those poems, somebody had become richer spiritually from my reading of Juliet's speech.

There *had* to be someone who got it. There *had* to be someone to whom I got across. One face, one pair of eyes must have been lit up by the beautiful words, those words which are imprinted on my brain for ever . . . I am sorry if I have been carried away . . . but you see it was so important to me.

Whenever I ran into an old pupil of mine I always asked whether he had read Browning since he left my class. I asked whether he or she read Browning when feeling blue. That's the expression the girls used when they felt moody. And when I asked they all answered politely that they read Browning: "Oh yes, as a matter of fact I read him every week." But I had a feeling that they never read Browning. Lately I haven't even asked.

My friend, not a really good friend, told me that I should take up a hobby. She was doing shell craft. Small coloured shells, you know. She is very clever at it. Last Christmas she gave me a brooch, made by herself out of those shells. She told me I should try it myself. "It won't take up an awful lot of your time, and the shells aren't very expensive" — that's what she told me. I have tried it, but I didn't have the patience to do it. And you know I always thought of the mussels that must have lived in those shells. I shivered every time I touched one of the shells. So I quit doing that. I gave my set to a little girl next door. But one day afterwards when I was walking down the lane I saw the shells all around their garbage can. I suppose her mother didn't . . . Well anyway, that didn't work out.

When I was young I used to paint. Watercolors and small oils. My water-colors were much better. So I started to paint again. Mostly I painted still lifes — bottles, apples, and things like that. But whatever color I used the water-color always turned out a sickly, funny grey. I stopped painting. I burned all the paintings this fall. Even in the fire they looked grey. I burned them in my stoker.

Somebody told me to try a night job at the library. I went and applied. But they laughed at me. The chief librarian's son was in my

class a few years ago so he knows me. He said that I must be pretty tired after a full day's work at school. I couldn't start explaining everything to him, so I smiled too and borrowed some magazines and a few novels from the library and went home.

For the next couple of months I read. I read novels and magazines and pamphlets of all kinds. And of course I read Browning. I read the longer poems twice. But I grew more restless than ever. In class I yelled at the giggling girls — a thing I have never done before. They were afraid of me, and they never came up to me after class anymore. I felt that something had gone wrong somewhere, but I really couldn't tell just what had gone wrong and when. The feeling grew in me until it overshadowed everything I did. I couldn't think straight and sometimes I burst out crying for no reason whatsoever. When I woke up in the morning, I felt lost. When I taught I felt like someone throwing dead birds into a bottomless ocean. When I went to bed I couldn't stop my racing mind. It ran like a mad automatic typewriter, typing out unconnected, meaningless letters and words. The white sheet in this galloping typewriter seemed to be endless. I had to turn on my night light. I used to reach out for my small volume of Browning — I always had that right beside my bed.

When I opened my Browning the words seemed to lose all sense and meaning. They flew in front of my eyes as my life must have flown past me — me standing there, helpless, reading Browning and Shakespeare to a crowd of gum-chewing and giggling monsters who trampled on all the roses I have ever put on my desk and made paper airplanes out of the torn-out pages of The Collected Poems of Robert Browning.

I am sorry. I never, never, used to get so upset about things. When I was a young girl I was very quiet and patient, but . . . nowdays I get easily disturbed. I am sorry if I have been too loud. But after yesterday I realize that I am capable not only of yelling . . . Yes, you are right; I had better tell you everything from the beginning.

Yesterday morning I got up as usual. Nothing extraordinary happened. I had my breakfast and left the house. It was a greyish morning. I thought it might rain so I had my umbrella with me. It has a small ivory handle. It is carved like a gargoyle or a dragon — I don't really know which one. It doesn't matter now. I must have lost it in all the tumult. When I passed by the Paradise Theatre I saw that they were playing a picture called *The Browning Version.* The man was just putting up the letters on the marquee. The small pictures in the two little windows showed scenes from a Tarzan picture. Apparently the man hadn't changed them yet.

I made up my mind that I'd go to the show right after school. Really, I didn't know what the picture was going to be about, but it had to do with Browning so I decided to go. At school everything was as usual. Nothing exciting happened. During lunch hour I asked Miss Totter — she teaches mathematics — to come with me to the show, but she said she couldn't. Something about her sister. In the afternoon one of my girls got sick. I sent her home. I think nothing else happened.

On my way to the show I stopped in front of a china shop. They had a very nice little statue in the window. A figurine of a dancer wearing one of those china-dipped lace skirts. When I got to the theatre I went into the lobby and bought a chocolate bar. Cherry Delight it is called. I was not going to eat it inside. So I sat down in an armchair watching the people coming in, while I ate at the bar. Then I walked up to the ticket-booth. I was very happy to see one of my old pupils sitting there. I knew her name was Laura Stetner or Getner, I didn't remember exactly. She didn't recognize me. I felt a bit silly walking up to the booth, smiling at her and she not smiling back. I stopped smiling and looked down to my purse. I didn't feel like telling her that I had taught her in grade nine so many years ago. She was chewing gum and reading one of those True Confession magazines with a scarlet cover. True Passion, it was, I think. I fumbled with the clip of my purse; then I took out my wallet and pushed some change in under the slit between the steel counter and the glass. Through the small round hole I asked her whether the picture was about Robert Browning and whether this picture was just another version of the *Barrett's of Winpole Street?* Very politely I asked, I am sure. I think I smiled at her too.

Then she looked at me with her cold grey eyes, still chewing the gum. I could see her teeth and behind her teeth her fleshy tongue all moving, working over the gum. She dropped her head on the propped up palm of her left hand and said in a very bored voice full of contempt.

"Lady, I haven't got the faintest clue whether this pix is about Mr. Browning, whoever he is, or about Mr. Schultz the butcher."

Then she moved her jaw again and said, "Wanna have your ticket?"

For a moment I just stood there, my hands still holding onto the change on the icy metal of the counter. Then suddenly anger — oh more than anger . . . but everything, absolutely everything, that I had felt for the past years rose in my head like terrible waves heading for the grass huts of the shore. All I could see were the bloodred lips of the blonde woman behind the glass — the lips moving rhythmically. All I could see were the teeth and the tongue and the small lump of grey formless

gum in her mouth crushed by those large white teeth.

I lifted my umbrella and my purse and I swung against the glass with all my night, breaking through it. I felt the face as it came in contact with the bag . . . I could hear her screaming and screaming but I just went on hitting her face with the same imperturbable rhythm as her chewing gum. I heard her voice, "An old bitch is trying to kill me! Help!" Everything spilt out of my bag and my small pocket edition of Browning fell too and was trod on by a big man who grabbed me and pushed me against the wall where posters for the Coming Attractions were hung. People seemed to come at me from all sides. Then suddenly I began to scream too, reaching down to get my umbrella and my Browning. I cut my hand on a piece of glass and somebody stepped on my hand. I heard my fingers crack . . .

And that is all, doctor, that is all.

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BOOKS

CANADIAN SHORT STORIES edited by Robert Weaver and Helen James, Oxford. $3.00.

The title of this anthology is at first sight a little misleading, since the stories it includes are not selected from all sources publishing Canadian fiction, but from a C.B.C. series of radio broadcasts produced from Toronto over the past five years, under the direction of the two editors of the present volume. This qualification is not, however, quite so important as it might appear, since the programmes in question probably represent about the largest single outlet for non-commercial short stories in Canada, and this very fact gives *Canadian Short Stories* a certain right to be considered (naturally within the limitations of the editors' tastes), if not a complete representation, at least a significant indication of what is happening today in this class of Canadian writing. I do not think anybody looking for an introductory selection to Canadian short fiction is likely to find anything better, and one must express a considerable gratitude to the editors for their work in maintaining a programme which has helped to foster the craft of story writing at an important formative period. It must also be said that, while doubtless influenced in their selection by the need to choose stories that were easily readable and readily comprehensible to the listener—a criterion which automatically bars a good deal of experimental and allusive writing—the editors have not allowed their literary tastes to be superseded by any of those odd theories which irresponsible radiomen, and their equally irresponsible enemies, often enunciate about the mutual incompatibility of literature and radio writing. Apart from their interest or success as radio programmes, none of these stories seems to have been written with any but the most honest and direct literary intentions.

Having said this much in favour of *Canadian Short Stories,* it is perhaps time to draw a few more critical conclusions. The generalisations I am about to make do not apply to every story, but they do represent some very clear tendencies in the collection, tendencies which, it would not be irrelevent to suggest, are to be found in Canadian literature as a whole. The fact that strikes one immediately is what I might call the localised character of most of the stories. By this I do not mean merely that every story but one had a Canadian scene, for French literature shows that an extreme reluctance to step

outside one's own country for a subject can often be combined with an amazing universality of attitude. Rather, I am suggesting that the majority of these writers are localised in terms of experience and exploration, they tend to cling to certain limited aspects of the physical world and man's reactions to it. In other words, they are, in the non-pejorative sense, essentially minor writers who rarely dabble in epic themes, who avoid that intensive examination of moral issues which has become such an agonising preoccupation of European writers in recent years, and who live in an imaginative world with frontiers that are pretty strictly marked down by the five sure senses.

These facts emerge when one examines the preoccupations of the authors, and when one considers the kind of conflicts around which their stories are written. Often it is a question of the agony of men faced by the hostile forces of nature, by such imponderable and ineluctable facts as death. Hugh Garner's two stories, in one of which a man allows his brother to die instead of himself when the ice breaks on a freezing river, and in the other of which an Indian child dies from the ignorance of his parents, are examples of this. A certain moral conflict, a certain testing, is there, but it is overwhelmed by the fatalistic acceptance of the overpowering hostility of the natural world In other stories, like *The Little Ghost,* by Gwen Ringwood, what might have been a genuine study of a conscience in torture over the failure to rescue an unhappy waif is eventually broken down into a piece of stereotyped sentimentality.

It is impossible not to recognise the close connection between the rudimentary attitude of many of these writers towards moral conflict and spiritual vision, and their amazingly strong tendency to write about childhood and adolescence. Even on a purely statistical level this tendency is evident; out of twenty-four stories, twelve have children or adolescents for their central characters and in two others children play extremely significant rôles. I hardly think this preponderance is due solely to any editorial bias; it seems more likely that it shows a rather widespread tendency among Canadian writers to turn back towards a stage of life in which moral conflict is simplified and can easily and naturally be led away into fantasy. It is not accidental, I am sure, that so many of the best passages in Canadian novels are precisely those concerned with youth, which have a vividness and a sureness that often evaporates when the writer begins to deal with the more mature situations, the more inward conflicts of adult men and women. A further sign in the present volume of a tendency to avoid moral conflict at any elevated level is the frequency with which animals

—cougar, salmon, above all horses—appear as symbols with which the leading character becomes identified or has a close relationship. This, it seems to me, represents another phase of the tendency to backtrack from complex personal issues, to seek refuge in unity with the amoral kingdom of nature and necessity.

These things are not in themselves wrong from a literary point of view; childhood and our relationship with the natural world are perfectly sound subjects for study. It is when they become frequent almost to the extent of obsession that they take on the form of a major evasion of what is, after all, the real subject of fiction—the drama of the internal growth of human personality and its active relations with the outside world. Here, all too frequently, it is in the outside world that action lies, the *deus ex machina* plants the motives, and, where normal conflicts exits, they often attain an artificial resolution in escape. Patrick Waddington, in a story called *The Street that Got Mislaid,* expresses almost to caricature an attitude which is less obviously evident in many of the other stories, when he tells of a municipal official who discovers a lost street and accepts it as a cosy hideout from the hostile world.

Here one comes back full circle to what I have already said about localism. For one could read this collection from end to end and emerge with almost no inkling that we live in a world where the *angst* of the existentialist hangs like a shadow over every man of sense and feeling. Are we to assume that Canadians are somehow more obtuse than English, French, Italians and Americans to this spiritual situation? I do not believe that is so. But I also believe, and collections like the present tend to reinforce such an attitude, that Canadian writing remains minor in character *because* it has not yet produced a group of writers, or even one significant writer, who has tackled the kind of human situations which are almost a commonplace of contemporary literature in other countries.

Perhaps I have been hanging too heavy a moral on the necessarily fragile stem of a collection of short stories, but any representative collection of Canadian writing is bound, in its present "promising" and still incompletely developed stage, to call forth reflections of this kind. And, lest my remarks may seem more adverse than I intended them, I should say that this volume shows many encouraging signs. The actual writing—the verbal texture—is often amazingly good, even in stories which do not come off as a whole, and one has the feeling of a vitality in some of the younger writers which may lead them on to the conquest of more difficult and important terrain. And some individual stories are excellent. *Mrs Golightly and the First Convention*

by Ethel Wilson is a delightfully urbane comedy of North American manners. Roger Lemelin's *The Stations of the Cross* gives a good flick of satire to provincial pretensions. Yves Thériault, in *Jeannette,* works rather startlingly over a familiar dark corner in the human heart. And, in *The Presence in the Grove,* Alan Phillips establishes, around a common enough accident, the kind of contact with mystery which most of his fellows do not even attempt. Writers like these, I feel, are already stepping out of their localism, are pointing the way towards a deep and genuine regional literature.

GEORGE WOODCOCK.

GUARANTORS' FUND, 1953

The objective for this year's guarantors' fund is $2000. Unless there is a much larger response to our appeal in the immediate future, we will have to decide whether to publish a much smaller Northern Review or to discontinue publication for good. As you know, Northern Review is the *only* magazine of its kind and scope in Canada, and we urge you to contribute to our fund if you possibly can.

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